

Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a caill: he is olde, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:

If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To giue thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children: but in this case of woing,

A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,

Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment

Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is

The patronesse of heavenly harmony:

Then giue me leaue to haue prerogative,

And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,

Your Lecture shall haue leifure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Assie that neuer read so farre,

To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:

Was it not to refresh the minde of man

After his studies, or his vsuall paine?

Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,

And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,

To strue for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,

Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,

But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,

And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

Bianc. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria*

tellus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bianc. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-*

centio, hic est, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeriatel-*

lus, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that

Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tran-*

io, regia, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might be-

guile the old Pantalowne: *hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria*

tellus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

Bianc. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarrs.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bianc. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat*

mois, I know you not, hic est Sigeria tellus, I trust you not,

hic steterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, regia pre-

sune not, celsa senis, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,

Pedagule, Ile watch you better yet:

In time I may beleuee, yet I mistrust.

Bianc. Mistrust it not, for sure *Escides*

Was *Ajax* call'd so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleuee my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue bene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,

Our fine Musician groweth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of Art,

To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,

Then hath bene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairly drawne.

Bianc. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hort. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.

Bianc. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:

Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

Cfari, that loues with all affection:

D solre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,

Elami, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice

To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistressse, your father prayes you leaue your

And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,

You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bianc. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistressse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hort. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinkes he looks as though he were in loue:

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble

To cast thy wandring eyes on enery stale:

Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and

others attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day

That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,

And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:

What will be said, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends

To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?

What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst

To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart

Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,

Who woo'd in haste, and meane to wed at leysure:

I told you I, he was a franticke toole,

Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour;

And to be noted for a merry man;

He'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,

Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes;

Yet neuer meane to wed where he hath woo'd:

Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,

And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife

Whit would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,

Vpon my life *Petruchio* meane but well,

Whatever fortune staves him from his word,

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wile,

Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girl, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,

For such an iniurie would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you

neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio*'s

Bap. Is he come? (comming?)

Bion. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to chine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and

an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a

paire of bootes that haue bene candle-cases, one buck-

led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the

Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapleffe; with

two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo-

thy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides posselt

with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou-

bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full

of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yel-

lowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the

Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,

and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a

halfe-checkt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which

being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been

often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe

times pee'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which

hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs,

and heere and there pee'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-

son'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and

a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and

blew list, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt

in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,

& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by *S. Larry*, I hold you a penny, a horse and

a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?

How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne;

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:

Firft were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now sadder that you come so vnprovided:

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,

Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,

Though in some part inforced to digresse,

Which at more leysure I will so excuse,

As you shall well be satisfied with all.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her.

The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,

Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleuee me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,

Pet. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with

To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:

Could I repaire what she will weare in me,

As I can change these poore accoutrements,

'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.

But what a foole am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?

And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*